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have us think that the boy suffers for his own act, but sets all the bystanders dancing with glee, and one mean fellow with a fiendish expression blowing smoke into the sick boy's face. The whole sympathy of the artist is against the victim. He has no one to befriend him; he has got into bad company, and they have evidently beguiled him into the act, so that they could have their fun out of him. The picture does not tell us that boys should not smoke cigars, but only that they will learn how to do so after a little inconvenience; for all the boys, save one are pulling away at their "penny grabs" with all the confidence of grown-up men. The only lesson that it could possibly inculcate is that little boys should not keep bad company, for all the figures, but one, are as villainous looking as we can conceive. The dangerous thing about this picture is that it is in many respects well painted, and very like the scene it is intended to represent.

Now this is what is called modern *genre* painting. It is an exceptional picture, to be sure, but we hold that it is an insult to refined and cultivated people to have such things put before their eyes. Yet we blushed for humanity when we heard the comments upon it by the fashionable connoisseurs. It was a favorite picture at the reception,

"So funny," "capital," "such a good practical joke," were some of the remarks.

But we will not be unjust to its author. We do not think that he intended to paint a vulgar picture, or to inculcate a bad moral. He thought it was "funny" and that the critics would call it "humorous," which of course they have done. Brown is a clever painter, and his previous works show that he has a good heart in him; we would not injure him or his reputation, and what is more do not want to see him do it himself, and we believe he would not paint a disgusting picture, if he knew it. But he has made a great mistake, and the hanging committee and the public have made a worse mistake in giving him their encouragement.

We deny that either of these pictures is "humorous," yet we believe that humor is legitimate in what is called *genre* painting, just as sentiment and morality are. The highest expression of all of them is in the works of Hogarth. The true office of a *genre* painter is to be a reformer, to arouse pity for the friendless and oppressed, and to ridicule the foibles and follies of the world. His mission is charity.

We rejoice that two such painters now live. France has her Frere, America her Eastman Johnson.

MONT BLANC REVISITED.

July, 1845.

BY JOHN RUSKIN.

O Mount beloved! mine eyes again
Behold the twilight's sanguine strain
Along thy peaks expire;
O Mount beloved! thy frontier waste
I seek with a religious haste
And reverent desire.

They greet me midst thy shadows cold,—
Such thoughts as holy men of old
Amidst the desert found;
Such gladness as in Him they felt
Who, with them, through the darkness dwelt,
And compassed all around.

Oh, happy! if His will were so,
To give me manna here for snow,
And, by the torrent-side,

To lead me, as He leads His flocks
Of wild deer, through the lonely rocks,
In peace, unterrified.

Since, from the things that trustful rest—
The partridge, on her purple nest,
The marmot in his den,—
God wins a worship more resigned,
A purer praise than He can find
Upon the lips of men.

Alas for man! who hath no sense
Of gratefulness or confidence,
But still rejects and raves;
That all God's love can hardly win
One soul from taking pride in sin.
And pleasure over graves.

Yet let me not, like him who trod
In wrath, of old, the Mount of God,
Forget the thousands left,
Lest, haply, when I seek His face,
The whirlwind of the cave replace
The glory of the cleft.

And teach me, God, a milder thought,
Lest I, of all Thy blood has bought,
Least honorable be;
And this that moves me to condemn
Be rather want of love for them,
Than jealousy for Thee.

[ADVERTISEMENT.]

THE want of proper illustration of what we so often allude to as "faithful study from nature," has so long been felt that the proprietors of this journal propose to publish a series of ten photographs from drawings and paintings by men of the Realist School, provided a sufficient number of subscriptions are received to warrant the undertaking. The photographs will vary from five to eight inches in extreme dimension, and will be mounted on uniform cardboard, fourteen by twenty-two inches in size. The price of the set of ten will be six dollars; of single copies, seventy-five cents. Specimens can be seen at the store of A. Brentano, 708 Broadway, N. Y. Persons intending to subscribe will please send word to that effect, as soon as possible, to the New Path, Box 4740, New York. Due notice will be given when the money is required.

NOTE.—The above advertisement, [published in the January number,] will remain one month longer and the subscriptions will close March 1st. If by that time the subscription is not filled, the photographs will not be published. Our readers should bear in mind that the pictures will be published at a price barely sufficient to cover expenses, and are not a speculation on our part. We propose to get them up for the accommodation of the public, believing that photographs are the only reliable medium for illustrating our ideas.

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All communications to be addressed to *The Editor of THE NEW PATH*, Box No. 4740, New York.